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Vol. IV.

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No. 193.

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 22, 1873.

IN ARMOR.

BY LETTIE A. IRONS.

Over the pathway my feet walk in
There hovers a Presence rare;
By day or night, be it dark or bright,
It is ever and always there—
Forever and always there.

Through a darksome vale, o'er rugged stones,
My steps I tread, and journey on,
But on either hand, as I journey on,
I can see fair mountains rise,
O'erhanging with smiling skies.

But if, worn out with my weary walk
Along the rugged way,
I would turn where the mountain fair and grand
In the smiling sunshine lay,
The Presence bars my way.

If love draw near, and tempt my soul
Eager to claim its mate,
The shadowy presence draweth near,
And softly whispers, "Wait—
Reward shall follow pain."

If love draw near, and tempt my soul
Eager to claim its mate,
The shadowy presence draweth near,
And softly whispers, "Wait—
Yet awhile longer, wait."

If, tired of the never-won battle,
I would lay down my faithful sword,
And weary of struggle my fainting soul
Cries, "How much longer, Lord!"

The Presence stands beside me,
And says to me, "Be strong—
Yet awhile longer; resolute thy sword,
And battle with giant wrong—
After victory, song!"

And so I wait, with what patience I may,
Knowing God guides in all,
And that at length, in His own good time,
He will make my chains to fall,
And free me from every thrall.

Knowing at last the pain will cease—
The battle at last be won;
At last the conflict done—
The painful struggle done—
The tiresome race be run.

Knowing at last I shall hear the words,
"Well done!" and my sword lay down,
Leave the darksome vale for the mountains fair,
And the cross exchange for a crown.

NADIA, THE RUSSIAN SPY;

on,
The Brothers of the Starry Cross.

BY CAPT. FREDERICK WHITTAKER,
AUTHOR OF "THE RED RAJAH," "THE SEA CAT," "THE
BOOK RIDER," "DOUBLE-DEATH" ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER IV.

PRINCE GALLITZIN.

In Russia there are two great parties in politics, two in religion. Old Russia and Young Russia hate each other in politics; the Orthodox Church and the Old Believers anathematize each other in religion. Now Young Russia is Free Russia; tolerant in religion, headed by the czar. Twenty years ago Old Russia was in power, persecuting Old Believers, and Nicholas was the head of the Orthodox Church.

Within the empire, superior in numbers, but deprived of power, stood the Young Russian party, and its recognized chief was Prince Alexis Gallitzin.

Prince Gallitzin, a tall, stately gentleman, with gray hair, and drooping gray mustache, dressed in the universal military uniform, stood in his drawing-room, looking absently from the window at the streams of sleds flying down the great ice-mountain erected on the frozen Neva, his palace.

Several ladies and gentlemen were in the room, chatting on the usual nothings of fashionable society; and at last one of them mentioned the subject of the war, just declared by the allies against Russia.

The Princess Gallitzin, a tall, queenly-looking lady, with dark hair and black eyes of unusual splendor, immediately said:

"There can be no doubt that his imperial majesty will sweep the insolent Franks and Moslems alike into the sea. We are all as one in the belief that Russia must conquer."

Prince Gallitzin turned from the window with his hands behind his back, and observed:

"It is always unwise, Serbia, to boast of a battle before it is fought. We shall meet no unworthy adversaries in these French. Remember, I was a boy at Borodino."

Several other gentlemen ventured to express a timid doubt as to whether it would be easy to beat the allies, when the princess interrupted in a sneering tone.

"What, are you all against Russia? This lucky Gorloff is not here."

Then Prince Gallitzin, in a peculiar voice, said:

"Who knows that he is not here now, by his spy, Serbia? For my part I would not give myself the trouble to turn aside to step on vermin like Gorloff and his crew of so-called nobles, creatures of one man."

Prince Gorloff smiled placidly.

"You forgot that that man is the czar."

"I forgot nothing," said Gallitzin, carelessly; "not even whom I have raised to rank ere this. Good-morning, madam. Come, Dolgorouki, the sledge waits."

And the two old princes, heads of the noblest houses in Russia, left the saloon together, and descended the broad marble stairs. The princess turned ghastly pale at some hidden meaning in her husband's words, and bit her lip till the blood came, while her eyes flashed a momentary glance after his receding form that few men would have liked to encounter.

But the next instant she was all smiles and pleasant, as she conversed with Colonel Count Ruloff, one of the old noblesse of Russia, who alone frequented the Gallitzin palace.

The cause of her secret rage and the prince's sneer was well known to all there, although none noticed it ostensibly. Prince Gallitzin, twenty years before, had married the beautiful Sergia Newsky, the star prima donna of the Imperial Opera House, for her beauty and her voice. He had found, too late, that he had married a devil in passion, and their life had



"How I should like to try one shot at the Christian dogs yonder! I could take off their leader so easily. Shall I do it?"

been embittered by constant quarrels ever since. The princess was—a Gipsy. In that word lay the explanation of all. The wild Gipsy blood was not tamed in her, and the Princess Gallitzin was true to her old tribe, in deceit, vindictiveness, and boundless extravagance.

When her husband refused at last to sanction the perpetual demands on his purse, which might have crippled the czar himself, then it was that Sergia listened to the persuasive voice of Gorloff, and became—a police spy on her own husband.

And Gallitzin knew it, and disdained to notice it, save by a sarcasm such as now sent the tiger-blood to Sergia's heart.

Let it go, Boris," he said to his brother prince, as the latter made some remark to him about caution when they were driving away.

"I know that every word I say goes to Gorloff, and thence to Romanoff. But what care I? Let them send me to Siberia, if they dare."

The Gallitzin led Russian armies against Jenghis Khan, six hundred years ago, when the Romanoffs were German counts. If they drive me to the wall, they'll find no Polish Jew about me. I will light such a flame!"

"Hush!" said Dolgorouki, cautiously; "you forget you are in the streets, with spies on the box, perhaps. After all, neither you nor I would do harm to Russia, and she has chosen the Romanoffs for her czars."

"Understand me," said the old prince, haughtily; "I recognize Nicholas Romanoff as my czar, and so long as he respects the old houses that made him, so long I obey him. But I speak my mind where I will, and let him or Gorloff stop me if they dare. Nay, Boris, don't look so grave. There are no spies among my serfs. I'll trust them all as I would."

And here he suddenly broke off abruptly.

They were passing the winter palace, and two magnificent equipages stood before the grand entrance, which both nobles instantly recognized. One was the gorgeous sleigh of the minister of police, and the other bore on the side panels the imperial arms.

"The Grand Duke Alexander has come back," was the remark of the politic Dolgorouki.

"The best of the breed is home at last. Now we shall be safe from that low-bred hound Gorloff, and his spies," said fiery Gallitzin, as he passed close to the minister's sleigh, and looked full in the face of an aide-de-camp who was awaiting his chief on the back seat. He spoke loudly to be heard.

The young officer flushed deeply, and tugged nervously at his yellow mustache, but he did not dare say anything, and the sleigh of the two most powerful nobles in Russia went jingling down the street. Then cautious Dolgorouki observed:

"What ails you, Alexis, that you must ever be making enemies? You insulted that man and his chief without need or reason."

"Quite the reverse, my friend," said Gallitzin, calmly. "That man who sat there so quietly is Gorloff's head spy in the palace, and will tell his master just what I say. It will

make Gorloff furious, for, as you know, he hates to be reminded of his low origin. Well, an angry man is no match for a cool one, and I am cool. I'll beat that Gorloff before many years are out, and you shall see his name among the men condemned to the knout. He and I have an old score to settle, and I'll pay it up with interest."

"An old account to settle? How so?" asked Prince Boris.

Gallitzin laughed, bitterly.

"You don't know, Boris. How should you, innocent old fellow? You spend the autumn hunting bears on your estates, and the summer at the roulette tables of Baden. You never hear of those who disappear, and are returned as dead by the police. Let it pass. I am sorry we saw that dog's sleigh. Let us go to the country again, Boris, before the snow melts and the roads disappear. I am sick of this place since Nadia left us."

Something in the theme seemed to sadden the old prince, for he turned aside his head, and dashed his gloved hand across his eyes, as if the keen wind made them water.

"Never mind, old friend," said Gallitzin, more cheerfully. "We hoped great things once from this marriage, but it was not to be. God and the czar would not permit it. How is Ivan?"

"He was in command of his regiment in the Caucasus, well and happy, when I heard from him last," said Dolgorouki, quietly.

"Happy!" repeated Gallitzin, with an indescribable intonation; "and yet, God help us all, Nadia is not two years gone."

Dolgorouki turned and looked at the other grave:

"Gallitzin, my nephew, Ivan Cyprianoff, is not a man to forget so easily. He loves me, and does not wish to make me gloomy by telling of his own sorrows. But you will never see him wed mortal woman, till Nadia rises from her grave to bid him do it. A Russian noble never breaks his word."

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"Quite the reverse, my friend," said Gallitzin, calmly. "That man who sat there so quietly is Gorloff's head spy in the palace, and will tell his master just what I say. It will

be away went twenty Kirghis warriors at headlong speed over the steppe, standing up in their short stirrups, and bending over their horses' necks, every man grasping his battle-ax nervously.

The people before them were evidently fugitives; for, as they came nearer, it could be seen that both wore the Russian dress, and one was a woman. Muscovites outside the lines meet scant mercy from the Moslem Kirghis.

The two fugitives were crossing the path of the Tartars, and rushing for the coast. It soon became plain that they would be intercepted. Their horses were poor and thin, as if from long travel, both were ridden barebacked, and the Tartars rode three feet to their two. Although they were half a mile off when first seen, it was not five minutes before both were within a hundred yards of the coast, just as the guard-boat luffed up and stood in toward the shore.

And then the male fugitive suddenly turned on the Tartars like a tiger, and drew a heavy saber as he turned. The woman was then several paces in advance, and the man shouted:

"Save yourself, dear lady. I can fight fifty of these. Ride into the sea. The boat will

save you."

The lady hesitated a moment, and the Tartar chief, disdaining the man, spurred hard for the most valuable prize.

Then, with a startled scream of terror, away

went the lady toward the coast; while Demetri the serf, for he it was, met the chief; and ran the point of his saber through the Tartar's body as he swept past, intent only on the water's edge.

The Tartars were so intent on vengeance as

to forget plunder for the time, and they pressed on the unhappy serf with ferocious yells.

But Demetri fought with wonderful skill. Had he been better mounted he might even have escaped. As it was, his jaded beast, cut loose from the abandoned sledge at the end of the snow-line, was unable to answer the sudden call on its energies. Cut down by the blow of an ax, it fell to the earth, and there was the strong serf on the ground, dodging the ax-blows, stabbing horses, fighting like ten men, to engage the Tartars and save his beloved mistress, while the latter was already swimming her horse toward the approaching Russian guard-boat.

Then, all on a sudden, the report of a light piece of artillery was heard, and a white cloud shot from the bow of the boat, followed by the humming, whistling whirr of a shower of grape.

Down went several men and horses under that deadly fire, and the Tartars scattered and fled in dismay, leaving Demetri alone, staggering toward the shore, cut and hacked in a ghastly way, but still alive.

The Tartars left their chief and four warriors

dead, while three more hobbed off on foot, wounded, for Demetri's saber and that volley of grape had done fearful execution.

The serf, staggering to the shore, saw a small boat in the act of leaving the guard-boat, and just as it reached the figure of his mistress he sank down on the beach, the blood dripping from his wounds on the white sand.

"Thank God! the gracious lady is safe," muttered Demetri; "and if I die for it, 'twill be only my duty."</

The czar looked at his son as coldly as if he had been a stone.

"Well, sir, so you have visited all the frontier. Have you any special report to make?"

"My report is here, sire, embodying all the posts." And the Grand Duke pulled a bundle of papers from his belt, which he handed to the emperor. Nicholas threw them on the table and gazed upon his son, in the stern, freezing manner of which he was so proud, and which generally struck awe into every one.

"You have performed your duty quickly, sir. I hope it has been done well. Who is Captain Blank?"

As the czar spoke the last words, he looked at the young heir to the empire keenly and scrutinizingly. Alexander met his gaze as calmly as if the question was a commonplace one. He did not express any surprise, he only said:

"I do not know, sire."

At this juncture Gorloff coughed—very delicately, it is true, but still in a manner expressive of disbelief. The Grand Duke raised his eyes to those of the minister with a certain look in them like his father's, and the General dropped his gaze modestly, while a faint smile played around his mustache.

The emperor turned his head quickly from one to the other, his eyes showing a great deal of the white, and then observed, in a deep, grating tone:

"Have you two gentlemen a secret between you that I can not share? General Gorloff, you asked me to question the czarevitch about this Captain Blank, who lets prisoners escape. I have done so. He says he knows nothing of this fellow. What think you?"

"Do you know any thing of this captain, sir?" asked the czar, harshly. "If you do, tell us all at once."

"I know this, sire," said the prince, stiffly; "that several times, when I visited a post, this Captain Blank had visited it before me, and by means of an order which he produced had secured all the advantages which I hoped to have been alone in enjoying. Who and what he is no one knew, save that he bore a marvellous resemblance to myself. He was, the cause of the escape of a prisoner named Anna Bronk, whom, with a serf named Demetri, he met near the border, and allowed to escape into Turkestan. General Grodjinsky told me this, but we could make no guess at the person. It is for the Minister of Police to do that, sire, is it not?"

Czar Nicholas smiled grimly.

"That is for myself to judge. As for you, I suppose you're longing to behold the faces of your family. Is it not so?"

"It certainly is, sire," said the Grand Duke, quietly.

He had been away from home for a year already, and had not dared to visit his family before reporting to his father and czar.

Then the emperor smiled his own pleasant smile, with his brows knit and his eyes very wide open.

"I think that you have done your work very well, sir; so well that I must employ you forth with on fresh duty. You will be ready to start for the Crimea to-morrow night. Twelve hours is enough for a soldier to enjoy his home, and Russia is a camp among enemies. You have heard, I suppose, that the nephew of the Corsican usurper whom my brother Alexander conquered has declared war against us, with the help of the Infidels and the English."

"I have heard it, sire," said the Grand Duke, simply.

"Their forces are getting ready to descend on Sebastopol," said the czar. "To-morrow night you must be on the road. Visit the fortifications, consult with Colonel Todichen of the Engineers, and return hither in six weeks with a complete report. You fully understand?"

"I do, sire," said Alexander, somewhat stiffly.

"Then here are your orders. Now go home."

And the czar handed him a folded parchment, turned his back on his son and addressed Gorloff.

"General, remember we have not found out this Captain Blank. See to it that he does not play any more tricks on my son, on this trip. Hold you responsible for this good natured imbecile."

The Minister of Police shot a peculiar glance at his master.

"I understand your majesty. This time I defy Captain Blank."

The czarevitch was still waiting, cap in hand.

"What do you wait for, sir?" demanded the emperor, sharply.

"Has your majesty any further commands?" asked Alexander.

"None, do it!" said his polite father, with a sneer.

"Then I wish your majesty a respectful adieu."

And the Grand Duke backed from the room and disappeared.

Nicholas turned to his minister with a laugh, for even he was sometimes jocular, after the manner of a playful tiger.

"Gorloff," he said, "with all your Slavonian craft, you are no match for us Germans." That fellow has fooled you! He knows who Captain Blank is, and he won't tell. By St. Nicholas, sir, I feel proud of him, for all he is a soft-hearted fool, like the late czar. I know him better than you do. He'll dupe you and laugh at your spies, and Captain Blank will appear again. After all, you're not fit for a Minister of Police. Gorloff, I shall have to send for Gallitzin. He fools you, also."

And the czar rose and stalked to the window, with a great clatter of spur and saber. Gorloff, for the first time in the interview, flushed scarlet. The czar had pierced his professional vanity in the tenderest spot. He did hate and fear the two men named beyond every one in Russia.

The emperor stood at the window and beheld the Grand Duke enter his sleigh and drive away. Just as the horses started, the equipage of Prince Gallitzin came dashing back down the avenue and passed by. As the equipages met, Prince Gallitzin rose to his feet and saluted the czarevitch with a profound bow, a courtesy returned by the other with equal ceremony. Prince Dolgorouki, on the other side of Gallitzin, merely touched his cap in military fashion. Then the czar laughed, smirkingly, and as he did so Gallitzin looked up and saw him. The old prince stiffly replaced his cap, sat down with folded arms and was whirled away.

General Gorloff, trying to swallow his master's sarcasms, was growing calm, when the czar turned to him, with pale face and glittering eyes, saying, in a hissing whisper:

* The reigning family of Russia has made so many German marriages, since Peter's time, as to be at least nineteen-twentieths German.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 102.)

"Gorloff, I gave you a task. Here's one more. Watch that insolent dog Gallitzin for a traitor. He has publicly saluted the czarevitch, and refused to salute the czar. Find him guilty of treason, and the day you bring the proofs you shall be a prince. Now go. Watch them all, day and night!"

The minister of the police left the palace, trembling with joy.

CHAPTER VII.

THE CIRCASSIANS.

The western shore of the Caspian Sea towed to the skies from the edge of the water, and peaks surmounted peak in the Caucasian range, up to the eternal snows of Mount Elbooz, a hundred miles away, and yet visible beside his brother Kasbek. In a little sheltered bay lay the Russian post of Baku, guarded by palisades and a strong garrison; and toward Baku the Russian guard-boat, which had captured the two fugitives on the further shore, was standing, before a gentle evening breeze, the red glow of the setting sun falling on her white sails.

Baku was the only post for twenty miles, and the mountains between it and the next were still roamed freely by Schamyl's warriors.

On the evening when the guard-boat returned, sharp eyes were watching post and vessel alike, from the heights above the hamlet, and although the mountain was to all appearance still and quiet, several hundred men were concealed in the dark ravines, and horses were standing under the trees nibbling their forage, all saddled and equipped for war.

On the summit of a rock, gazing keenly down at the distant boat, stood a stern, handsome figure of singular grace of figure, whose picturesque costume reminded one of a Crusader, but I would respectfully submit that he may be able to tell something about the way in which the duplicate authority came into the hands of the anonymous scoundrel known as Captain Blank."

"Do you know any thing of this captain, sir?" asked the czar, harshly. "If you do, tell us all at once."

"I know this, sire," said the prince, stiffly; "that several times, when I visited a post, this Captain Blank had visited it before me, and by means of an order which he produced had secured all the advantages which I hoped to have been alone in enjoying. Who and what he is no one knew, save that he bore a marvellous resemblance to myself. He was, the cause of the escape of a prisoner named Anna Bronk, whom, with a serf named Demetri, he met near the border, and allowed to escape into Turkestan. General Grodjinsky told me this, but we could make no guess at the person. It is for the Minister of Police to do that, sire, is it not?"

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(To be continued—commenced in No. 102.)

A DAY-DREAM.

BY MAP HAZARD.

My temples are fanned by the breezes cool,
With the fragrance of the scented balm,
As I sit at length near the sparkling brook,
Whose music pervades the sequestered nook,
And dream sweet dreams of Aldean.
I lie and dream of days long gone,
When my soul in a first love revelled;
And my thoughts go back to a maiden fair,
With the bloom and glory of golden hair,
On a neck of smooth and sleek.
Oh, what so bright as her sparkling eyes!
Like light on the waters glancing
Was the lighning flash 'neath the blue-veined lid,
Which now revealed, and now half hid,
The merriment in them dancing.
And the softness of her velvet cheek,
With the tint of the rose-bud glowing;
Her voice, as sweet as a silver bell,
In varying cadence rose and fell,
Like liquid music flowing.
And what so pure as her bosom fair,
As she pressed, for a moment fleeting,
And bnt, as the wind, the grass of the mead,
With rose-again from her fairy tread,
As the dew on the blossoms of the holiest.
The lissome reed, the oriole's note,
The star, the bush-rose and lily,
As symbols maturer to make compare
Of the matchless charms of my lady fair.
Must serve, though they do it but ill.

The Man from Texas:

THE OUTLAWS OF ARKANSAS.

A STORY OF THE ARKANSAS BORDER.

BY ALBERT W. AIKEN.

AUTHOR OF "MAD DETECTIVE," "BOOTH MOUNTAIN BOY," "WOLF DEMON," "OVERLAND KIT," "RED MAZEPA," "ACE OF SPADES," "HEART OF FIRE," "WITCHES OF NEW YORK."

CHAPTER XXXIX.

TILDA FORSYTH.

TILDA FORSYTH, or Tilda, as she was more generally termed, was not what might be called a handsome girl. She was tall in stature, lean in flesh, with coarse brown hair, green-gray eyes, and a sallow complexion.

Not a very striking picture did she present as she stood in the center of the road, a hundred feet or so from the log-cabin—her home—with the last rays of the afternoon sun shining down upon her uncovered head, arrayed in a faded calico gown, and anxiously looking up and down in search of the one solitary cow that the Forsyth family claimed as its own.

But "Brindle" was no where to be seen, and did not deign to come to the repeated calls made by the girl in her shrill, harsh voice.

"Brindle—you Brindle, whar air you?"

Just as she was meditating whether she should go up or down the narrow road, in search of the literary source of supply for the evening meal, she heard a crashing noise coming from the "bush" on the right hand of the road, about a hundred yards from her, as if some heavy body was forcing its way through the bramble and undergrowth.

Never doubting for an instant that it was the missing beast, Tilda revolved her enticing cry:

"Oh, Brindle, you Brindle!"

Then out into the road came, not the cow, Brindle, but the outlaw, Yell Ozark, armed to the teeth, as usual, and bearing the trusty shotgun in his hand.

The look upon the face of the girl expressed any thing but pleasure at sight of the man, but she did not show any signs of fear; she only set her lips firmly together for a second, then drew a long breath and waited for him to approach.

Ozark came along in his usual shambling way. He was decidedly more used to the back of a horse than to trust his own legs for locomotion, except when tredding the dangerous paths of the South in sixty-eight. It takes time to turn foes into friends.

The soldiers were a little staggered by this abrupt declaration.

"What's the matter with ye, Tilda?" he asked, coaxingly. "What fuss hav you got with me? Look a-hyer, gal, I'se allers been a friend of yours."

"Small thanks to you," retorted Tilda, disdainfully; "you better take your friendship where somebody wants it; this chile don't."

"Yes," replied the girl, sharply, latent hostility in her voice and manner.

"See hyer!" exclaimed the outlaw, after studying the matter over in his mind for a moment. "I reckon that you ain't right glad fur to see me."

"Well, I reckon I ain't," replied the girl, definitely.

Ozark was a little staggered by this abrupt declaration.

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"I don't want you to come round me at all!" the girl exclaimed, sharply. "I tol yo so the last time I saw you; I want you to keep away an' let me alone."

"Tilda, I jes' thinks a heap of you," the outlaw replied, impressively. "I think a heap more of you, Tilda; this is rough, this is goin' back on a friend in this hyer way," said Ozark, appealingly. "What's the fuss? I ain't got any thing ag'in' you."

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dainty features of her queenly little face, with apparently the same interest that he would have looked upon a beautiful horse—cold-blooded fellow that he seemed to be.

Missouri hesitated irresolutely in the doorway for a moment, and then, as if seeming to make up her mind suddenly, stepped out on the piazza, and leaning on the railing, addressed the man, three steps below:

"Mr. Texas, will you give me a little advice?" she asked, abruptly, her voice low but firm.

The overseer was considerably astonished at this question. For about the first time since Missouri had known him he betrayed traces of embarrassment.

"Of course, Miss, I shall be most happy to do so, if I can," he replied, earnestly.

"You are the only one that I can ask, and I am about to speak to you as if you were my brother."

"And I'll try, Miss, to give you a brother's advice!" Texas exclaimed, abruptly, and he advanced one step up nearer to the girl.

The color in Missouri's face heightened just a little, at the movement, but she stuck resolute to her position.

"I should perhaps not have dared to have spoken to you but that I know father has told you all about it. I overheard the conversation between you and father last night on the piazza. I could not help hearing it, for my room is right overhead, and I was sitting at the window when he began, and father always speaks so loud. I suppose he got into that habit in the army. Now, Mr. Texas, I haven't any one else to advise me, so I ask you. Father said to do just as I liked; he would not let me either one way or the other. I must make my own choice."

The overseer seemed puzzled. Leaning on the railing of the steps, he caressed his chin with his hand in a manner which plainly indicated that he was in deep thought, while Missouri watched him with an eager, earnest gaze, and every now and then the soft, red lips of the girl would be compressed firmly together, and a determined light would shine in the clear, black eyes.

"Well, Miss, I really don't know as I am quite the proper sort of person to advise you in such a matter as this," the man finally answered. "My Fayette I have never met, personally, but from what I have heard of him I should judge that he'd make a pretty good match for almost any young lady. I've heard it said that he is one of the rising men of the State, and as he has both ability and money to back it, there's nothing how high he may climb before he gets through."

A look of impatience mingled with vexation passed swiftly across the maiden's face.

"You think that it is a good match?" she asked, in a quite a sorrowful tone.

Texas just looked a little astonished at the manner in which the question had been put, but gravely proceeded to answer it.

"Yes, Miss, it's my honest opinion that it is."

"Then it doesn't make any difference whether I care any thing about him or not?" demanded the girl, imperiously, her eyes flashing and her lips trembling. "I must sell myself to him because he has money and I am poor—worse than poor—a beggar, by father's account. I must marry a man that I know I don't love."

"You didn't say any thing about that," the overseer retorted, bluntly. "You asked me if I thought that it was good match?"

"And you do not think I ought to marry him unless I love him?" the girl said, slowly.

"Of course I don't!" Texas replied, promptly; "a marriage without love is but an earthly contract, and can never receive Heaven's sanction."

The girl opened her eyes widely at this speech. She had never heard the overseer express himself in such a manner before.

"I suppose that father will have to give up the plantation, though," she said, reflectively, "and then you will lose your situation." And, as she spoke, she shot a quick glance under her long, dark eyelashes at the face before her.

"I reckon that if the General makes up his mind to emigrate, he'll give me a chance to go along with him, Miss," the overseer said, cheerfully. "I shan't quarrel about the wages, and with a fresh start on new ground, 'tis ten to one that your father will be able to hold his own with the world. I wish I had a few thousand dollars!" Texas said this quite abruptly, and he advanced another step, so near to Missouri that her dress touched his knee.

A short, quick breath came from the parted lips of the girl, so hardly drawn that it seemed almost like a sigh; the long lashes came down over the brilliant black eyes, and it was a minute or so before she spoke.

"What would you do with the money?" she asked, slowly.

"Speculate on it," he replied, tersely.

The long lashes came up quick, and the big eyes of Missouri were opened to their fullest extent. That the girl was both surprised and disappointed was plainly evident in her face.

"Speculate—how?" she asked.

"Lend it to your father—without conditions, and depend upon gratitude to give me the treasure which money should not buy."

Missouri's face grew red as fire; then, with a great effort, she looked the overseer full in the face, the full, black eyes were now soft and lustrous in their light.

"I am glad you haven't got a thousand dollars," she said, slowly, "even though it might save the plantation; but—"

"But what?" asked Texas, quite eagerly, taking her little right hand between his own brown paws as he spoke.

"I do not think I could like the man who only lends my father money half as well as the one who saved my life," the girl replied, with a charming smile.

"Dinner, Missy!" exclaimed Butterfly, from the house-door, interrupting the conversation.

But, enough had been said; eyes had spoken if lips had not, and two very happy people sat down to dinner under General Smith's roof, that day.

What was money weighed 'gainst love in a young girl's mind?

(To be continued—commenced in No. 181.)

Out of Gotham.

BY CORA CHESTER.

"Oh, I would be a daisy,
If I might be a flower."

sung Little Prue Alden, in a shrill, pitifully-sweet voice, as she bent over some pale, defomed blossoms in her window, and gasped for breath in the close, sultry room.

The music died away, wafted out of the attic and called forth an answering note from a swallow under the eaves, and the poor little songstress herself stopped the busy wheel of the sewing machine, pressed one thin hand to her heart and wiped away a few troublesome drops from two hazel eyes.

Such pretty eyes as they were, too, with the light of faith and hope still in their bright depths as if the soul behind those windows was nearly ready to break its distressful union with its partner of clay, the body.

Not but what Prue Alden's body was a very entrancing bit of clay. Half a dozen poor clerks, boarding on the floor beneath, could have told you that; for many were their praises of the little angel up-stairs, her fair face, gazer eyes and tiny feet. They never forgot those last, for Prue, innocent of coquetry as she was, had a very cunning way of lifting her black dress until the tips of those shabby little boots would come click, click, over the muddy crossing, up the carpet stairs, and then die away in her box of a room, unconscious of a dozen eager eyes of work under his arm, begged leave to see her home.

Prue stopped agast at the audacity of the man. What, a low, vulgar wretch dare to address her in this style?

Oh, to be a man, that she might knock him down! But, alas! she was nothing but a poor, friendless girl, so she could only clench her nails into her pink palms with fruitless rage.

"No, sir; I wish no company. You have already detained me till after dark. I am going at once and alone!"

He grinned from ear to ear. It was so amusing to witness her pretty rage. What could she do, he reflected, a young, pretty girl, if he chose to pursue the chase?

Nothing; women were always offish and wanted to be coaxed.

"Oh, but my dear little pretty, I wouldn't think of letting you go alone this time of night. Come, take my arm, and there's no need of your wanting a beau of nights. I'll see you home and be only too happy, I'm sure."

Prue measured the distance to the door and ran for it, flew down the long stairs, out into the starry night, and drew a breath of relief as she met a policeman on his round of duty.

Poor child, she still cherished a deep awe and respect for these stern guardians of the law in her foolish little heart.

On she ran from street to street, always hearing footsteps behind her, till she reached the door of her miserable home, then a single glance over her shoulder discovered to her the disagreeable fact that a short, fussy man, in soiled white clothes and tall hat had stopped on the corner and was eying the house with his black eyes.

Prue never entered that establishment again,

but in her walks to and from her work, she often met her odious admirer, and several times he spoke to her.

One sultry July day, when everything was literally baking in the streets, and Prue staggered along nearly exhausted with the heat, she came face to face with her *bête noir*. The noon-day bells of the city were clangorously familiar of late, caused her to clasp both hands to her head with a sudden dread of coming disaster. She never distinctly remembered what followed.

Two country horses, maddened with strange sights and sounds, were coming toward her with terrific speed. In the wagon, swinging from side to side, sat a fat old lady wildly waving a blue cotton umbrella, and screaming at the top of her remarkable voice. Beside her stood a young man, with Herculean arms pulling with mad force at the reins, and veins standing out like cords in his efforts to stop the horses.

Prue felt an awful sensation of a fall and crashing wheels, then amid the yells of a crowd, with the hot breath of a black-eyed man upon her fair face, and an overpowering feeling of dread and horror. Unconsciousness, the twin brother of Death, drew near, mercifully closing her eyelids, and Little Prue knew no more.

"Seems to me, Ebenezer, them beans had best be in market to-day. Deacon Vanderwhackeres' people druv' down a hull hour 'fore sunrise, and here 'is nigh onto 'nine o'clock. Well, well, young people hain't as they used to be when I was a gal. Why, many is the time I milked ten cows 'fore sunrise, and done a week's baking 'fore seven in the morning. Come, go ketch the horses, and I'll harness up right off. Let's see—I want a paper of pins and half a yard of that calico the Coones' bought last week, and Mirandy wanted me to pay her a pair of gums. What airs that gal does put on, though, since she came from York. I remember when she'd go barefoot, the year past, and now forsooth she's afraid of the night-dews. Night fiddlesticks! I'd spank her and send her to bed if I was her mother, and not let her be gallivanting home from sing-scholar with every young fellow in town."

Ebenezer, as she enters a large establishment, what her day's hard work will bring, and counts up the necessities she will buy with the coming money. She takes her place among a mass of females, all uglier, older and thinner than herself, and waits her turn to be paid. Her heart sinks as she watches the sharp-eyed gentleman (?) over the counter pull apart scamps, toss pieces back in their baskets, and point out defective work. One poor woman takes back to her fireless room her hard day's work with only a sharp reproof and no pay for her labor. Then Prue's turn comes.

"New hand, eh?" inquired the black-eyed Adonis behind the counter, with an insulting leer. "And a pretty pretty one it is, too. Now, we'll see if it's work is as pretty as its face."

True blushed scarlet and drew her veil over her red cheeks, only making eyes, complexion and wonderful golden hair more dazzling beyond gaunt lace.

"What are your prices, sir?" inquired our heroine, in a weak, trembling voice which stuck in her throat.

"Waist badly made" said the man, eying the neat seams critically (falsifying and lying were necessities of his trade). "Skirt will do. Let me see; waist one ruffle—skirt one flounce. Well, Miss, seeing you're young and pretty, we'll say thirty cents."

"Thirty cents!" gasped Prue, with difficulty restraining her sobs; "thirty cents for making a whale-linen suit?"

"Certainly, and good pay, too. Well, well, make room for those others; if the prices don't suit, you needn't take any more."

He knew full well that among the starving women of that vast city plenty would be paid to any pauper willing to exchange their life-blood for the paltry sums he offered.

True reflected a moment, and only a moment, then cool prudence got the better of her indignation. She must have work at any price; so she turned again to the smiling, oily face bending over the counter so close to her own.

"I'll take another suit and try again."

Instead of answering he motioned Prue to a chair, paid off the few miserable beings remaining, and then turned to her again with what he considered an irresistible bow.

"Here are some aprons to make. This work is better paid. Thirty cents for a dozen. Smart ones can make five dozen per day. Nice work like these white suits, now," pointing to a mass of elaborate puffing, embroidery and tucking, "bring very high prices. We pay well, better than other down-town firms. Do these, and we will give you fourteen dollars for the dozen suits."

True looked at the endless rows of tucking and reflected in her ignorance that even women's work, poorly as it was done, was worth more than these monopolists pay their human machines.

What constituted the difference between the ability of this high-browed, intellectual girl, and the broad-faced, sensual man leering across the counter?

One could have spoken three languages, given you the biographies of all the favorite authors, and demonstrated the most difficult problems in Euclid. The other could speak only very bad English, scarcely knew that the world even had a literature, and was blissfully unconscious of mathematics further than the axiom:

"Pay low for labor and charge high, and a great deal remains for your own pocket."

I think Darwin would have decided that the fair-faced woman was a trifle higher in the scale of humanity, nearer the god, further from the brute creation than he; yet this same advanced ape can draw a salary of two thousand per annum, while Prue Alden starves in a garret on sixty cents a day. So much for our republican equality and liberty!

True began to see that the room was thinning and the man was growing unpleasantly familiar. She held out one hand for the bundle, and, as the last shabby woman left the room, inwardly decided to leave at once, with or without work. She had scarcely taken three steps ere her new admirer leaped the counter, took up a tall, soiled hat, and with her bundle

of work under his arm, begged leave to see her home.

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THE MESSAGE-BIRD.

BY FRANK M. IMBIE.

The midday white-winged message-bird
Taps softly at Memory's door.
Frighened with thoughts long gathered
From Time's well-beaten shore.

It sailed in air-drawn argosies,
Where goldened sunbeams creep
In burnished waves, o'er far-off graves,
The spot where our loved ones sleep.

With wings that glint an emerald slope
Where wild birds seek their home;
Amidst the sides of the green wood,
Where evening songsters roan;

Where marble gleams through restless boughs,
And zephyrs moan and weep.

Their plaintive lays, 'neath Luna's rays,
Gave us where our loved ones sleep.

Silence holds in Memry's court—
The hundreded past is gone;
But with thy coming, sweet thought-bird
Rare pearls of comfort showers.

There's bright light in the shadow-vale,
The pardoned no more weep;

The mystic vail was rent in twain
O'er graves where our loved ones sleep.

Their silent voices told us
Lingers beyond the skies;
And priceless pearls thou gather from
The shores of Paradise.

Oh, linger near, sweet bird of thought
When bidding earth farewell,

We'll wander through the ether blue
To homes where our loved ones dwell!

Managing a Widower.

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

TIME: half-past four o'clock of a charming September afternoon, in the year of grace 1870.

PLACE: a clematis-shaded side veranda.

Dramatic personae: Olla Livingston, a radiant little brunette, whose witching eyes were overflowing with mischief; Lillias Silverton, a fair, hazel-eyed girl, with the grace of sylph, and the air of a queen; a young lady slyly from New York only a month before, who was visiting at the Livingstons and who had played sad havoc among the hearts to let, in and around the village.

"So you can't decide between my handsome brother Lu and Mr. Cornwall, Lillias? You had better put on your thinking-cap and make up your mind at once. There are advantages on both sides, you know; one, that of being mistress of Mr. Cornwall's elegant mansion on the hill; the other, of having me for your sister-in-law."

Olla drew down her saucy lips demurely, her black eyes sparkling as she watched the rich blushes surging under Lillias' fair skin.

"Lu's a darlin', I tell you, Lillias; only he's poor, you know; besides, I rather think—There comes Mr. Cornwall—mercy, Lil, is my hair coming down?"

And before the answer came, a gentleman came up to them, admiration plainly depicted in his eyes, as he took in all the beauty of the scene, in which Lillias Silverton was the center.

A good-sized, finely-built man, perhaps thirty-five or forty years of age; with a mild, pleasant face, framed in with curling hair of chestnut, that had grown rather thin. He always dressed very nicely; drove a splendid team, and was generally considered a "great catch."

His wife had been dead seven years, when Lillias Silverton came to Cornwallville—the natives called it "Cornellville;" and when the hitherto indifferent widow began paying unmistakable attention to the fair stranger, speculation ran riot; buxom village maids grew jealous till they were green; and their butter-making mammas declared Miss Silverton "a painted minx;" so that between the flirtation going briskly on between Lu Livingston and Lillias, and Mr. Cornwall's evident intention of "cutting Lu out," there was enough excitement abroad in the village to keep it awake.

But Mr. Wilfred Cornwall had his secret uneasiness; for those seven years of widowerhood he had had it; and now that he had dared come forward and pay his addresses to pretty Lillias, he was every moment fighting to conquer what would not be conquered.

And this was his secret fear.

He had been blessed (?) with a wife who had been the ruling spirit in the mansion on the hill; she had carried her scepter in high-handed consciousness of her inestimable worth, and, to her honor be it chronicled, never was house better governed, or garden better ordered than hers. She had loved her husband after her selfish way, and the selfishness and tyranny she exercised while living, and that her husband at first did not combat, and then dared not, proved her ruling passion strong in death. On her death-bed, she had solemnly adjured him never to marry again; threatening awful visitation if he did, and declaring that no other woman should come in and enjoy what she had helped to earn and save.

And Wilfred Cornwall, whose grief was not feigned, whose fear was as genuine, promised, and Mara Cornwall died.

For seven years he had been held in a bondage that most men would have scorned; then, when he saw fair, lovely Lillias Silverton, his dread succumbed to his newly-born admiration, and in spite of the secret uneasiness he went on and on; and Lu Livingston went on and on, his heart set on Lillias Silverton, his whole intention to get the inside track at all hazards.

And pretty Lillias? Lu's handsome face and courtly air made her heart thrill; while her ambition was fired to attain to the position of the mistress of "Hill-Nest."

The library at "Hill Nest" was not yet lighted, for the long June day, though past the sunsetting, left a bright radiance that was delightful away up on the heights.

Mr. Cornwall had just come home from a call on Lillias, his mind made up to marry her, if she would have him, despite the superstition that had grown with seven years' sun and showers. He was quite confident she would not reject him, for that very afternoon, when Olla and Lu had left them alone for an hour, and he had asked her what her taste would be in furnishing a large square room, like the best parlor at "Hill Nest," she had blushed so prettily and told him.

He sat leaning back in a large stuffed green rep chair, the dust growing dusker, thinking about Lillias and imagining her stealing softly in and laying her little hand on his head; then, of a sudden, cold, clammy sweat broke out all over him, for he saw between him and the window—well, what? A female figure, wild and wan, with outstretched arms, as if it uttered some silent imprecation on his head; not the ghost of his indignant Mara, certainly, for this object wore a long, dismal cloak and horrible black gloves; its hair was flowing in fierce disorder; and yet, despite these human appointments Mr. Cornwall certainly smelt brimstone, or grave mold; in his terror he did not know which, or he certainly would not, even to himself, have admitted the possibility of his wife coming from a place where such a scent as brimstone is supposed to exist.

At any rate he caught a glimpse of a hollow face, glowing eyes, and a horrible mouth—and then he buried his face in the back of the chair.

"Wilfred Cornwall," it said, in a strange, far-off voice, that made his very feet grow icy cold. "I am come from your wife, whom you promised never again to marry. She bids me remind you of your vow. If you keep to your word all will be well; if not—beware!"

There was a rushing sound, a fresh smell of brimstone, and then Wilfred found himself alone again.

As for Lillias Silverster and any possible hopes of "Hill's Nest?" For Mr. Cornwall wrote her a note inside of five minutes bidding her adieu, telling her he would start, very unexpectedly, for Europe.

Lillias read her note with a little blush of wrath, and a curl of her pretty lips that did not indicate a broken heart; and Lu Livingston watched her across the room with a peculiar roguishness in his eyes.

"What is it, Lil? an offer of heart and hand from Mr. Cornwall? Shall I congratulate you?"

He came carelessly over to the sofa where she was sitting.

"As if I'd marry Mr. Cornwall! Lu, when are you going to stop teasing me about him?"

"When I am sure you are going to have him. If I thought you loved him, Lillias, never again would you hear a word from me."

His voice grew more serious, and Lillias twisted the note around her fingers.

"Then you will have a right to tease me forever, Lu, for I never shall love him."

"I wish I had the right to do something else than tease you, Lillias. Will you give it to me? the right to love you forever, my darling?"

And so it happened that Lu and Lillias were engaged after all; and when Lillias would wonder what took her quondam lover so suddenly away, Olla and Lu would laugh and declare he must have seen a ghost or something.

Not till young Lu was five years old did his proud father tell Lillias of the joke he perpetrated to get his rival out of the way; and Lillias will frown and declare she never can get over it, while the happy light in her eyes speaks over her words her perfect content with the way they "managed the widower."

Benton removed the bandage from the eyes of the girl.

"Squaw—prisoner to Shawnee," said the disguised white, imitating the manner and speech of the red-skin. "No try to run or warrior take scalp."

Then Benton joined the other two on the outside of the cabin, closing the door carefully behind him.

"Well, the game is treed," said Bob, with a chuckle.

"Yes," replied Murdock, a grim smile of satisfaction upon his sallow face. "Now you two keep watch here and be sure that the girl does not escape. I will return to the station.

cabin before she recovers, so much the better for my plan."

Murdock led the way, followed closely by Benton carrying the girl, while Bob brought up the rear.

Swiftly through the forest they went.

A half-hour's march up the Kanawha and Murdock halted by the bank of the river. Drawing a dug-out from its concealment in some bushes that overhung the water, by its aid the party crossed the river.

On the other bank of the stream, they again reappeared in the forest—first, however, carefully concealing the dug-out in a similar hiding-place to that in which they found it.

After a three hours' tramp through the thicket, they came to a little log-cabin in the center of a little clearing. The cabin bore the marks of decay, and the long grass that grew thick over the threshold told that the builder had long since abandoned the dwelling.

Virginia had recovered from her faint some time before the party had reached the solitary cabin.

Terrible indeed were the feelings of the young girl. A prisoner in the hands of the merciless red-men—for she had no suspicions that her captors were white—she shrank from the thought of what her fate would be. Then, too, when she remembered that she had seen her lover fall before her eyes, perhaps mortally wounded, she felt as if her heart would break.

The two disguised men placed the girl in the cabin; then Bob left Benton alone with the maid. Murdock was afraid that Virginia might recognize the borderer in spite of his disguise; but as Benton was a stranger there was but little danger that the girl would suspect her captors to be of her own race and blood.

Benton removed the bandage from the eyes of the girl.

"Squaw—prisoner to Shawnee," said the disguised white, imitating the manner and speech of the red-skin. "No try to run or warrior take scalp."

Then Benton joined the other two on the outside of the cabin, closing the door carefully behind him.

"Well, the game is treed," said Bob, with a chuckle.

"Yes," replied Murdock, a grim smile of satisfaction upon his sallow face. "Now you two keep watch here and be sure that the girl does not escape. I will return to the station.

The little ravine looked bright and beautiful; the rays of the fast-dying sun glinted down, gayly through the tree-tops, and played in beams of lambent light upon the pale face, whose open eyes glared, as if in mockery, on all around.

The rocky glade was as fair to look upon with the dreadful evidence of man's crime lying in its center, as when, but a short hour before, its leafy branches had formed a living frame to picture of true love.

A huge black crow flying high and lazily in the air caught sight of the white face that so steadily stared with its stony and fixed eyes at the sky.

The bird of evil omen swooped round in circling flight above the motionless figure.

Each circle was smaller than the previous one, each second brought the bird nearer and nearer to its destined prey.

Still stared the eyes upward—still on the white face played the flickering sunbeams.

With a downward swoop the carrion-bird alighted on the breast of the stricken man.

The blood that stained the hunting-shirt of the silent figure crimsoned the talons of the disgusting bird.

With a hoarse note the crow flapped its sabre wings as if in gloating triumph over the coming feast.

One short minute more and the great eyes would stare no more at the sky above. The beak of the carrion crow would be scarlet with human gore.

But ten seconds of that minute passed away, a slight rustle came from the tangled thicket that fringed the ravine.

The crow, with a hoarse note of anger, spread its wings, and cheated of its prey—cheated of the great eyes and the banquet of blood—soared lazily upward.

Then, from the thicket with stealthy tread came a gaunt wolf.

A moment the beast stood upon the edge of the ravine. Then it scented the blood that had trickled from the breast of the man who lay motionless upon the rocks.

With noiseless steps the gaunt beast came toward him. It halted by the side of the motionless figure.

The fierce eyes of the wolf peered into the face of the human, and the huge jaws opened and shut with an ominous clash.

Then from the tree-top the carrion bird stooped again to earth.

"Le-a-pah is the daughter of a great chief; he would be angry if he knew that his child met the young brave by the forest," said the girl, sadly.

"The white Dog is a young warrior, but the scalps of the Delaware already hang and dry in the smoke of his wigwam." The tone of the young chief was proud as he uttered the words that told of his prowess.

"The chief speaks with a straight tongue," and the girl looked with pride into the manly face of her lover. "Le-a-pah loves the White Dog, but the great chief, her father, has said that she must be the wife of the warrior who is called Black Cloud. The heart of Le-a-pah is sad, for she can not love the Black Cloud."

"The Black Cloud is old—the singing-bird is young. Would her father mate the bounding spring with the chill autumn? It is bad!" And the young brave shook his head sadly.

"The Black Cloud is a great chief," said the girl.

"When the White Dog comes back from the war-path against the white-skins on the Ohio, he will be a great chief, too. Many white scalps will hang at his belt, and his tomahawk will be red with the blood of the long-rifles," said the chief, proudly.

Boone, from his hiding-place, listened intently when the warrior spoke of the expedition to the Ohio. This was the very information he was after.

"The white-skins are many; the Shawnee chief may fall by their hands," and a shadow of apprehension passed across the face of the Indian maiden as she spoke.

"Then his spirit will go to the long home beyond the skies, and in the spirit-land will chase the red deer. But, if the White Dog comes back to the banks of the Scioto, then Le-a-pah must be his wife and dwell forevermore in his wigwam."

"The Shawnee girl will be the wife of the young chief whom she loves as the sun loves the earth, or she will never sing in the wigwam of a chief."

"Good!"

The young brave drew the slight form of the unresisting girl to his heart.

"The chief will love the singing-bird while he lives; when he dies, her face will be in his heart," said the warrior, fondly.

"When does the chief go on the war-path?" asked the girl.

"Three sleeps more and the Shawnees will burst like a thunder-cloud on the pale-faces," replied the Indian.

"On the Ohio?"

"Yes," answered the chief.

"Now, if the red heathen would only say whar," muttered Boone, listening eagerly.

"The white-skins will fight hard." The girl was thinking of the peril that her lover was about to encounter.

"The red-men will fight as they have never fought before," said the warrior.

"The tomahawk and brand shall scourge the pale-face from the ground that the Great Spirit gave to the Indian. The waters of the Kanawha shall run red with blood. The Shawnees have not forgotten the many braves that fell by the deadly leaden hail of the white-skins many moons ago, by the Ohio and Kanawha."

The chief referred to the defeat sustained by the Indians at the hands of the border-men commanded by Lewis, which took place some years before the time of the action of our story.

"It is against Point Pleasant, then," said Boone, to himself, as the words of the Indian fell upon his ear. "Well, let 'em come! I reckon we can blaze 'em as bad the second time as we did the first. Now, if these young critters would only make tracks out o' this, how quick I'd make a bee-line for the Ohio. But—dog-gone their copper-colored hides—they don't seem at all in a hurry to go."

The scout was right in his thought. The two lovers were in no hurry to bring their love-meeting to a close. It was probably the last chance that they would have of being together, and they were anxious to improve the opportunity.

Love is the same the world over, whether it springs in the heart of the savage, beneath the spreading branches of the oak in the forest wilderness, or in the breast of fashion's votary in the crowded city.

Warmly the warrior pressed his suit and told of the deathless flame that burned within his heart. Cooley listened the girl to the avowal that she so loved to hear.

The lover eagerly pleaded for a farewell kiss from the lips that he had ne'er touched. Shyly the Indian maid refused the favor, though in her heart she consented.

Dog, but the Indian girl perceived her lover's peril, and sprung to his aid, grasping the hand of the scout just as he was about to plunge the knife in the red-man's breast.

The red chief, taking advantage of the girl's aid, twisted his leg around that of the scout, bore Boone backward to the earth, upon which the combatants fell, with a heavy shock. A second more, and the Shawnee warriors surrounded the contending men.

With many a cry of triumph; they bound the daring pale-face who had lurked so near to the Shawnee village.

CHAPTER XII.

ENTON SEES THE WOLF DEMON.

AFTER having secured with tough thongs of deer-skin, the stalwart limbs of their prisoner, they bore him forward to where the fire burned in their village.

All the inhabitants, attracted by the noise of the capture, had left their lodges and now pressed forward to look upon the prisoner.

Great was the astonishment of the Shawnees when the flickering light of the flames falling upon their captive, revealed to them the known face of Daniel Boone, the great scout of the border.

A howl of delight resounded through the Indian village at this discovery. The red-skinned had no foe whom they dreaded more than the man they now held, bound and helpless, a prisoner in their midst.

A grim smile was upon the features of Ke-ne-ha-ha, the Shawnee chief, as he looked upon the face of the man who had so often escaped him on the war-path.

"The white-skin is no longer an eagle, but a fox; he creeps into the shadow of the Shawnee village, to use his ears," said the chief, mockingly.

"The Shawnees have already had proof that I can use my hands," replied the scout, uttered by the words as well as the tone of the savage.

"A chief that is not fox as well as eagle, is not worthy to go upon the war-path." His scalp should be taken by squaws."

The Indians could not dispute the words of Boone.

"What seeks the white chief in the village of the Shawnees?" asked Ke-ne-ha-ha.

"Guess, and maybe you'll find out," replied the captive, coolly.

"The white-skin comes as a spy—a foe into the village of the Shawnee," said the Indian.

"When did any of your nation, chief, ever come except as a spy or a foe to the houses of the whites?" asked Boone.

"Ugh! the white-skin has stolen the land of the red-man. Cheated him with lies. Ke-ne-ha-ha is a great warrior—he will take the scalps of the long-knives and burn their wigwams," said the Indian, proudly.

"You'll have to fight some before you accomplish that, Injun, I reckon," replied Boone, whose coolness and courage astonished the red warriors.

"The white-skin shall die!" said the chief, fiercely.

"I reckon we've all got to die, sometime, Injun," answered Boone, not in the least terrified by the threat.

"Let my warriors take the prisoner to the wigwam of Ke-ne-ha-ha," said the chief.

The order was instantly obeyed. The prisoner was carried to the wigwam—one of the largest in the village. In the center of the lodge a little fire was burning.

The scout was laid upon a little couch of skins within this lodge; then, in obedience to an order from the great chief, the Indians withdrew and left the captive alone with Ke-ne-ha-ha.

The chief's wigwam stood only a few paces from the bank of the Scioto, that stream running close behind the Indian lodge.

After the Indians had placed the helpless prisoner within the lodge, they returned again to their scalp-dance around the fire, excepting a few warriors, who under the leadership of the White Dog—who had suddenly found himself famous by his capture of the great scout—made a circuit of the forest surrounding the Shawnee village to discover if there were any more white foes lurking within the wood.

The search was fruitless. No trace could they find of the presence of a white-skin; and so, finally, they came to the conclusion that the daring ranger was alone. The Indians then returned to the village.

The escape of Kenton from the search of the Indians is easily explained. He had approached the village on the west, and skillfully taking advantage of the cover afforded by the bushes, had, like Boone, reached the edge of the timber. From his position he commanded a view of the village, and from his concealment beheld the capture of his friend. Guessing shrewdly that the presence of one white man might lead them to suspect that there were others in the neighborhood, he determined to withdraw from his dangerous position. He had seen no sign of Lark since he had parted with him at the hollow oak, and he came to the conclusion that Lark had not yet reached the village.

Kenton retreated from his exposed position. Slowly making his way through the wood, his eyes fell upon a large oak tree. The thought suggested itself to him that in the branches of the oak, he might find shelter.

So up into the tree he mounted. Once more in his hiding-place, veiled in as he was by the leafy branches, he felt that he could bid defiance to any search that the Indians might make.

Hardly had Kenton adjusted himself comfortably in the tree, when he heard a slight rustling in the bushes to the right of the oak. The keen ear of the alert scout instantly knew that some one was moving cautiously through the thicket. The sound came from the direction of the village.

Kenton thought that, possibly, it was Lark, who, like himself, had scouted into the Shawnee village, and was retreating to safer quarters.

Then, through the dim aisles of the forest came a dark form gliding onward with steady steps. In the uncertain light, Kenton thought that he recognized the figure of Abe Lark, the scout. Bending down from his hiding-place, Kenton was about to warn him that a friend was near, when the dark form crossed a little opening upon which the moonbeams cast their rays of silvery light, and Kenton caught a glimpse of the form as it glided through the moonlit opening.

The lion-hearted scout almost dropped from the tree when his eyes fell upon that form. The hair upon his head rose in absolute fright: his eyeballs were distended, and cold drops of sweat stood like waxen beads upon his bronzed forehead.

Well might he feel a sense of terror, for there below him glided, what?

The vast proportions of a huge gray wolf, walking erect upon his hind legs, but the wolf possessed the face of a human!

A moment only the wolf—man or phantom—whatever it was—was beside the astounded scout, then it disappeared in the gloom of the thicket.

With the back of his hand Kenton wiped the perspiration—cold as the night-dew—from his brow.

"I've seen it!" he muttered to himself. "It's the Wolf Demon. Jerusalem! I'd rather fight forty Shawnees than have a tussle with a monster like that. I always thought that the Injun story 'bout the Wolf Demon was all bosh, but now I've seen it; so near the Shawnee village, too! That'll be a hurricane soon, or I'm a Dutchman."

Leaving the scout to his meditations, we will follow the course of the terrible figure that had so affrighted stout Simon Kenton, who was one of the bravest hearts on the border.

Cautiously and carefully through the thicket the creature glided. It was making its way to the Scioto river.

Suddenly the figure paused, and apparently listened for a moment.

The sound of footsteps of the Indian warriors, headed by the White Dog, scouting through the forest, broke the stillness of the night.

As for Captain Zephaniah, he had already gone on board his vessel in high dudgeon.

"A pretty pass things have come to," he muttered, grimly, "when men hand their vessels over to the king's officers without a word. Poor Lass!" and he patted the main-boom affectionately; "but I'll not desert thee though the devil himself was at the helm. But the mint I see the least sign of treachery in that thunderin' spy, I'll blow his brains out sure's my name's Z. Cobb."

No blockade-runner could have selected a better night for his purpose. At nine o'clock all things were in readiness, and by eleven the Lively Lass was beating down Grayport Bay surrounded by darkness so dense that it seemed almost to obstruct her passage. The stranger had as yet taken no part in the working of the vessel. But now he called Captain Cobb to his side. His tone had that sharp sternness which one may often notice in men accustomed to command commanders. Zephaniah sullenly approached.

"Captain Cobb," said the stranger, "can I rely upon the courage and discretion of the ten extra men sent on board to-night?"

"Yes, sir; they are men I've known half a lifetime and not half a day," answered Zephaniah, meaningly.

The young man appeared not to notice the innuendo. "Well, sir," he went on, briefly. "I wish you to take those men, with two more from your own crew, and secretly seize the hold in the hold."

Captain Zephaniah shut his teeth down so hard that he nearly bit his own tongue off.

"No, sir," he shouted, "Squire Cringle, he put me under your orders, and I'll obey you so far's reasnable. But, by heavens! sir, I'll not leave the deck of my vessel to-night for you nor him, either."

An angry flush crossed the stranger's brow at these words; but he controlled himself. He regarded the other sternly for a moment, then said, his countenance relaxing:

"Sir, I respect your feelings and can not blame you. You shall stay on deck. But see that the men are stowed away where they will not be discovered should the enemy capture us. Be careful of this, sir, for my life at least will depend upon it."

So saying, the stranger went below for the night glass, while the captain walked moodily forward to execute his orders. Twelve men were carefully concealed forward, with orders to make themselves as comfortable as possible, but not to show themselves under any circumstance until the signal.

If half an hour after Zephaniah stood at the wheel, the stranger at his side.

"Now," said the latter, at last, "you may keep her off a couple of points. The Englishman must lie somewhere about half a mile to leeward."

"Yes, sir; and if you keep off any more we shall go within hailing distance of him—it's already lightin' up considerable in the east."

"I am quite aware of all that. Do as I say, sir."

The old sailor growled defiantly, but obeyed. Ten minutes more, and suddenly there loomed up before their eyes the huge mass of hulk and sails belonging to the Sentinel. At the same instant a hoarse voice hailed them through a trumpet: "Heave to or I'll blow you out of water!"

"Hard a lee!" sternly commanded the young stranger.

"Not by a jugful!" yelled captain Zeph, in open mutiny, as he jammed the helm hard up to windward, and the schooner scudded away before the wind.

One step the stranger took toward the skipper. "Captain Cobb," he said, fiercely, "it is impossible to get this schooner out of Grayport Bay without her being captured. You must trust to me. Another word, and I'll shoot you dead."

And while he spoke he seized the wheel, and with a few rapid whirs brought the schooner up in the wind, just as a heavy shot from the slope-of-war came ricocheting across her quarter.

Captain Zephaniah dropped his arms doggedly and walked forward without another word. The Lively Lass was just as good as taken now, and all through the treachery of a cursed Britisher. The four men remained on deck gathered about the skipper, in sullen discontent. Meanwhile the sentinel had backed her main topsail and a boat now came alongside with the first lieutenant.

"This is the Lively Lass, is it not?" he asked, as he leaped on deck, addressing the stranger, who seemed to be the only man aft.

"It is?" answered that gentleman, folding his arms.

"Commanded by you, sir?"

"Commanded by Captain Cobb, sir," said the stranger, motioning toward that personage, whose curiosity had now drawn him aft again.

"And pray, who are you, sir?"

"Lieutenant Morris, of His Majesty's ship Centaur."

"Do you expect me to take your word for that?" demanded the Englishman, incredulously.

"I expect you to take the king's word for it," answered Morris, coolly drawing his commission from his pocket and offering it to the other, who read it carefully. It seemed to have much the same effect upon him as the other paper had upon Josiah Cringle, for he said, as he returned it:

"I beg your pardon, Lieutenant Morris; the document is certainly genuine. But is not this a strange situation for a king's officer?"

"It is to my being in this situation that your ship owes this prize. I have put her into your hands."

"Yes," burst out Zeph, unable longer to contain himself, "the blasted rascal has come it over the square with his lyin' papers, and now he's run us under your very nose. But he shan't live to brag of his cowardly trick. Take that, you smooth-tongued villain!" and with an oath he leveled his pistol at Morris' head and pulled the trigger. But the English lieutenant had anticipated his design, and struck up his arm just as the pistol exploded. The ball went over Morris' head, and he coolly turned and thanked the Englishman, saying: "This at least will convince you of my sincerity."

"It will, indeed," the other answered, "and I can give no better proof of my trust in you than by placing the prize in your charge."

"Indeed I am compelled to do so as we are very short of officers. You will take the schooner directly to Boston."

Morris extended his hand.

"Sir," he said, "I am infinitely obliged to you. I was about to ask as much. Will you grant a prize crew on board at once with iron for this obstreperous captain and his men?"

The Englishman went to the side, and ordering most of the boat's crew on deck, dispatched the boat to the sloop for a prize crew and the necessary iron. The boat soon returned with ten stout fellows; and the four men and two mates of the Lively Lass, together with Captain Zephaniah, submitted to be ironed as quietly as if they were half-awake.

"Can you get them here before dark?"

"Easily," and with a few more words and a hearty grip, Josiah Cringle strode away to do the bidding of this young stranger, in whom, though he had known him so short a time, he seemed to have perfect confidence.

As for Captain Zephaniah, he had already given on board his vessel in high dudgeon.

"A pretty pass things have come to," he muttered, grimly, "when men hand their vessels over to the king's officers without a word. Poor Lass!" and he patted the main-boom affectionately;

"You will follow as nearly possible in the Sentinel's track. Our business here is finished, and we shall go back at once. If, by any chance, you lose sight of us proceed at once to Boston. We shall meet again there."

So saying, he waved his hand in adieu, and was pulled back to the ship. Both vessels were put before the wind, the schooner, at starting, but a short distance behind.

Morris now divided his crew into two watches, five men being amply sufficient to work the schooner; and half of them were sent below. Then leaving the deck in charge of an old sailor, who served as first officer, he descended into the cabin.

About two o'clock in the morning Captain Cobb was awakened from his uneasy slumbers by a hand laid upon his shoulder.

"Who's there?" he growled.

"It is I."

"Who's I?"

"The man you shot at."

"What d'ye want now?"

"I am going to release you."

Captain Zephaniah uttered a low whistle. "Wal" he said, doggedly, "if you do I'll be much obliged to you; but I give ye fair warning—the next I'm free I'll throttle you if I'm big enough."

"You'll do no such thing, Captain Cobb," and the stranger laughed softly. "Haven't you learned to trust me yet?" and without more words he unlocked the captain's fenders, and the two together hastily freed the other men. The group now stole softly forward to where the twelve men were concealed. They found them to a man, sound asleep and entirely ignorant of the fact that the schooner had been captured by the sentinel. The story was quickly told, however, and with whispered earnestness Morris gave his instructions. There were five men on deck, two aft, one amidships, and two forward. The one amidships was sound asleep. They were to go to the hatchway, spring suddenly on deck, and while two of them ran to close the forecastle-hatch, and thus secure the watch below, it would be an easy matter for the rest to overcome the men on deck. It was of the utmost importance, however, that every thing should be done in perfect silence, as the sentinel was still in sight, she having shortened sail, to enable her consort to keep up with her.

With these instructions the men crept stealthily on deck, and strange to tell, the vessel was recaptured without any disturbance sufficiently violent to attract the attention on board the sentinel. Each of the drowsy watch on deck was confronted with a loaded pistol, almost before he really knew that anybody was stirring; and each surrendered in preference to having his brains blown out. They were carefully bound and gagged. As for the watch below, they slept on as peacefully as ever.

"Now," said Morris, in low tones, as he took possession of the wheel, "the only thing remaining is to give the slope-of-war the slip, and we shall have run the blockade successfully. Captain Cobb," he continued, to his first officer, who now was following him about like a dog, very much ashamed of himself, but not quite ready to own it even yet, "have you any spare spars?"

"Ay, ay," answered the skipper, with far more alacrity than he had yet shown.

"Very well; get them over the stern for a drag. We'll soon drop astern of the Englishman."

Three heavy spars, dragging through the water, made the Lively Lass much less lively, and ere long the sentinel began to gain on her sensibly. But the officers of that vessel, though they must have perceived this fact, did not seem disposed to delay any longer for their consort. Gradually the distance between the two vessels increased, and at length Morris, peering forward through the darkness, being no longer able to discern the outline of the sentinel, hauled aft his sheets; and the Lively Lass, with the wind still blowing free from the north, stood out toward mid-ocean, and at daylight no enemy was to be seen.

Just before Morris went below to turn in after his weary night's work, Captain Zephaniah came up to him rather sheepishly and held out his hand.

"I beg yer pardon, Lieutenant," he said, "for all my blunders. It wud'a b'en a hard one for us if I'd' shot you last night. But if you'll take my hand now, you'll allers find it in future one that won't foul you."

Morris shook the old salt kindly by the hand, and when four days after they parted at the port for which the cargo was destined, the two were the best of friends. Often after that Zephaniah found himself wondering who this man could be who had done him and his owner such signal service. It was not until after the war that he learned from old Mr. Cringle that Lieutenant Morris was no other than the right-hand man and bosom friend of JOHN PAUL JONES.

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"Why, Lord Somers, my ears certainly deceive me! What are you saying? It is some extraordinary good humor on your part; you are enjoying yourself forgetfully—"

"Will you answer my proposal?"

"Answer? Your proposal? What do you mean, my lord?"

"Is it not plain? I have asked you to be my wife."

His tone was rather practical for a lover; yet his earnestness was plain, there was an unmistakable sincerity in his speech. Ytol, astounded by the proposition, stared like one dumb-struck.

"Answer me—"

"Cease, my lord; let me begone," she said, starting to pass him.

He laid a hand upon her arm—laid it there gently, detaining her, and gazing ardently into her incredulous, upturned face.

"Do not misunderstand me," he whispered.

"Lord Somers, you surely are jesting?—you are sporting unkindly with me!" exclaimed Ytol.

"I swear to you—if I may swear—that I love and would marry you."

"Marry me? Oh! no, my lord, you would not wed with such as I am: a poor governess, a friendless girl, whom you would despise, in after years, for her past history of wretchedness. You do wrong to talk to me thus. Let me go, believing that this is some innocent joke; and I forgive it—"

"Ytol Lyn, listen to me," he interrupted, warmly; "I offer to marry you and be your friend. If you are poor, it is in money alone, and I will make that up. Do not doubt me in this. My motives are pure; I propose to you in all the sincerity of honor. Will you accept?"

"I dare not consider it for a moment, my lord! I beg of you, let me go my way."

Ytol spoke frightened. She was agitated; the abruptness, the unexpectedness of such a proposal from Lord Somers startled her.

She disengaged his light hold upon her arm, and stepped from him.

"Don't flee from me," he besought, making a motion as if to clasp her sleeve again.

"I can not listen to you—"

"Say you will be mine. Or—" his manner altering suddenly and wonderfully, "well, I see you are taken by surprise. It is natural, Go, then. But remember: Lord Egbert Somers has offered you his hand and heart. Tomorrow morning, I'll be sure to seek you and expect your answer. Think of it, meanwhile—and think wisely. Au revoir. By-the-by, here's the day's paper. There may be interesting reading in it."

Mechanically, she took the paper which he handed her. Her lips were sealed; the blue eyes were wide and blank.

Raising his hat politely, he left her, smiling complacently as he turned away.

For a few seconds she stood motionless, staring after him, and then fled back along the path toward the house.

When the spot was deserted, the bushes were thrust apart, and a female stepped forth from concealment.

It was the new occupant of the Lodge—Dwilla St. Jean, the girl woman.

Looking after the two, alternately, she laughed lowly:

"Ha! ha! ha! So, Lord Somers is in the web of fascination? Look to yourself, then, Ione Layworth. It is the family history of the Dances, that, if a daughter be first loved by a man, and there is the smallest encouragement to his passion, all the powers of earth can not draw the affection from its idol. So it was when Silens Dufour met Nore Dane; so it was when Shensen Layworth met Nore Dane, after her marriage, and he deserted his own wife to follow her. The same blood flows, the same beauty of feature exists now as then. If Catijo does not soon seize Ytol, and she gives Lord Somers so much as one soft glance, there will be a match that Ione Layworth will not figure in."

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE BOND BROKEN.

"Four things the wise man knew not to declare:

The eagle's path athwart the fields of air;

The ship's deep furrow thru' the ocean's spray;

The serpent's winding on the rock; the way

Of man with woman."

—HERBERT.

"But the world is full of lightning, ever glare,

Tempests, whose thunders never cease to roll—

The storms of love, when maddened to despair;

The furious tempests of the jealous soul."

—CLATSON.

Mrs. LAYWORTH sat in the parlor, reading beneath the chandelier of many brilliant fancy lamps.

She was disturbed by the abrupt entrance of Ione.

The face of the beautiful girl was crimson, her eyes flashed fierily, her jeweled hands were clenched tightly, with the arms stiff at her sides. There were frowning lines across her erst smooth brow, and her whole mien indicated a burning frenzy.

"Well, Ione!" exclaimed the mother, "what does this mean?"

Ione did not reply immediately, but strode back and forth once or twice; then she halted near the oval table, half leaning on it, and swaying under the influence of passion.

"Ione, you are excited. What has occurred?"

"Ooh! this is *too* much!"—breathlessly. "You thought I had nothing to fear; you advised me not to be jealous. We have both been blind, blind, I say, while an outrage was being practised before our very eyes."

"Why, Ione!" Mrs. Layworth put aside the book, and contemplated her daughter bewilderedly, hesitating with her utterance.

"Mother, I say we have been outraged!"

"How?"

"By Lord Somers—by this plotting, scheming, pretty-faced governess, Ytol Lyn, or Ytol Dufour. It is bad enough that we should find the heir to the best bulk of uncle David's estate, and be robbed eventually of so much of our wealth; but to have her intrude here, and, by her sly, coy, artful enchantments, destroy all our anticipations for the future—"

"Tell me what this girl has done?" interrogated Mrs. Layworth, rising, while her own glance kindled, and a suspicion of Ione's meaning came gradually into her mind.

"Done?" panted the beauty. "She has won from Lord Somers a proposal of marriage!"

"No!"

"But she has! I heard it. They met, not two hours since, at the lake. It was accident that placed me not twenty feet from them; I was screened by the hedge, and did not lose a word of their dialogue. More: he even told her a deliberate falsehood—told her that we never had been, and were not betrothed. Oh! how I hate him now, where I but tolerated him before!"

"And Ytol?—did she accept?"

Ione was walking to and fro again, unable to remain still.

"No, she refused him."

"Then he is not lost to you yet; and if you are wise—"

The well-favored girl wheeled suddenly, and paused. Her lip curled, and her face glowed as if the maddened spirit which consumed her, redoubled by her mother's speech, sent every pulse of blood to cheeks and temples.

"Not lost!" she repeated, huskily; "and do

you think I would wed Lord Egbert Somers, knowing that he considers his allegiance so lightly?—knowing that he has broached the subject of love to another, while bound to me, and denying my claim upon him? Am I begging for his affection? Am I to tolerate open insult, crush the germ of feeling in my own soul, to retain him? No—I will not. It is an end. I would not marry him, now, even if, on bended knees, he—"

"Hush!" blessed the mother, sharply, and with a quick warning sign.

Lord Somers at that moment came upon them. They had not heard his step in the hall. Had he overheard Ione's passionate outburst?

"Good evening," he said, blandly—the voice of one surprised at an unexpected meeting.

Ione turned from him. How she despised him, just then! She approached one of the windows, and drawing aside the drapery curtains, looked out, to conceal her emotion.

Mrs. Layworth, raised in the world's school, smiled pleasantly.

"You've kept yourself rather aloof, my lord."

"I crave pardon for it, if it is a fault. I never tire of rambling around this delightful locality—especially in the direction of the lake," with a glance at Ione, whose back was toward him.

The keen mother detected that glance; she felt that his remark was an intended thrust.

"You were reading," he added. "Do not let me interrupt you."

"Oh, it is no interruption; I was about to retire. You'll excuse me?"

Bowing and bestowing a covert look upon the silent form near the window, Mrs. Layworth withdrew.

She desired the pair to be alone together; she meant to seek Ytol.

As she ascended the stairs she muttered, pettishly:

"How unfortunate! I could curse this girl for the trouble she has made. Did Lord Somers hear Ione?—if so, he is too spirited to consummate the intended match; and thus both money and title slip through our grasp. Ione is foolish. I shall scold Ytol severely—ha! lucky thought! I'll lock her up in her room, until Lord Somers returns to London. He goes in four days. She will not be particularly missed in that time."

With the new scheme running in her mind, she tip-toed in the direction of Ytol's apartment. The nursery was empty; and as the next day was the children's holiday, she knew the governess must be in her room.

But events were transpire which would take Lord Somers away from Wilde Manor within twenty-four hours.

Mrs. Layworth's fears were correct. Somers had, though unintentionally, been a listener to Ione's jealousy.

When alone with her who was indeed his affianced bride, he calmly folded his arms and surveyed her. There was a cold, haughty expression in his handsome features; his eyes regarded her with a stern, thoughtful look.

"Miss Layworth," he uttered a cry that would have been a curse if he could have spoken.

"Halt!" ordered a sharp, stern voice.

Lord Somers was on the sill on one knee, holding by the raised sash, and in one hand he held a leveled pistol.

The Dwarf uttered a cry that would have been a curse if he could have spoken.

"Ione, who's next minit war flounderin' an' floppin' at the end uv the rope like a big cat-fish, while the hoss, givin' a terrible screech, for all the world like a human bein', went tumblin' over the fall into the b'lin' water below."

"I tell you I had a hard pull uv it to fetch the chap ashore, but I did do it, though he war nigh about gone."

"I never see sich a grateful chap. You see he war one uv a big party uv emigrants as war camped above, an' he hed been out huntin' that day an' got lost."

"He hed found his way out at last, an' struck the river whar he hed crossed it in the mornin', an' thinkin' he could do it ag'in, rode in an' war swept off."

"He made me go to camp wi' him next mornin', an' he give me this here rifle an' fixin's, besides a good hoss, which last war a monstrosity lucky streak fur me."

"I saw the Englishman arterwards in 'Frisco, an' I swar' he wanted me to go home wi' him across the big sea, but that, you know, I couldn't git down nowhere."

The music changed; Ytol's voice grew soft and plaintive, following a weird, stirring accompaniment—an air that was dreamy and rich with pathos.

"She sings like an angel!" he exclaimed, rapturously, while his hearing strained to the utmost.

CHAPTER XIX.

AN UNPLEASANT SITUATION.

"Shall people point at thee when you're dressed? Must thy diamonds be blazed? Must songs be chanted, and from every tongue Where'er thou turn'st the shame be at the floss?"

—FRENCH OF MOLIERE.

Ytol's mind was swimming as she ran from the lake, from the spot where Lord Somers had made his singular proposal.

But she was not long possessed with the feeling of amazement which his words caused. It seemed to her so ridiculous, so utterly out of all reason, that he could have been in earnest—that he really meant his offer of marriage to her—that she readily forced herself to believe it a mere pleasantness on his part, though rather improper considering her position.

Erre reached the house, she slackened her half-running pace, and was calm again.

Seeking her room at once, she lighted the lamp and seated herself to peruse the paper he had given her. At the moment she entirely banished all troublesome recollection of what had occurred.

But she had scarcely begun to look over the journal when her eyes were caught by a glaring heading of large type—one that made her start, her face pale, and her heart to beat with great throbs.

She desired the pair to be alone together; she meant to seek Ytol.

Ytol looked hard at the retreating form, the same bitter wrenching of the lips, the self-deprecating expression settled in her pale face.

"Is it possible that there is anybody on this earth who fears me—poor, tortured woman that I am?"

Involuntarily she went to the door and tried the knob. It would not yield. Then she shook her head sadly. She was, indeed, a prisoner.

"After all, it makes no difference; I would be as well off if shut up in here forever."

She turned to the organ, and slowly threw open its cover. Her heavy-laden spirit wanted something such channel by which to relieve its melancholy.

The soul, when weary, finds its richest balm in music; it is the only thing that exists in heaven and earth alike.

Timidly at first she touched the keys; then the solemn chords volumed with an increasing melody, an' her being swiftly centered in enthusiasm of the sound. Presently she changed the air, and her low, sweet voice—though scarcely cultured—lent a spell to the strain that engrossed her every power, brightening her eyes and hueing her cheeks.

While thus absorbed, the cloud of danger was lowering nigh her.

A face appeared above the window-sill—a familiar, savage, wolfish face—the face of Catijo, the Dwarf. His eyes glared ferociously at her, as he clung to the thick vines that grew like tangled cords outside, and he seemed hesitating whether to enter.

Unconsciously she sang on. Slowly, higher and higher rose the Dwarf, more dreadful and terrible gleamed his lurid orbs.

Then he had gained the floor—he stood, with his short, crooked body bent, as if gathering all his enormous strength.

Suddenly Ytol felt a pair of long, sinewy arms glide and coil around her. She beheld the glowering visage at her side, and the blood froze in her veins. For a second, she was rigid as marble in her terror; then a wild, startled shriek rang from her lips, and she swooned in the embrace of the devilish object.

Catijo grasped her up, and stepped hurriedly toward the window.

"Halt!" ordered a sharp, stern voice.

Lord Somers was on the sill on one knee, holding by the raised sash, and in one hand he held a leveled pistol.

The Dwarf uttered a cry that would have been a curse if he could have spoken.

"Halt, there, you scoundrel! Who in the world is name?"

Quick as lightning, Catijo dropped his burden and sprang forward.

The pistol cracked, but the ball whistled past its mark; and swift as the bullet the Dwarf was upon the Englishman, grappling with him, and dragging him into the room.

Back and forth they swayed, beside the insensible form of the girl—straining, bending, writhing, panting; strangely matched, for Somers was an athlete, and wrestled with skill.

But his half-human antagonist was of iron and steel; his ponderous strength and muscular grip were like the giant and wise. With one Herculean movement, he dashed Somers, reeling, to one side, and in the same breath, he vanished.

The Englishman bounded in pursuit; but he only saw a small, ball-like shape speeding with the swiftness of an arrow toward the trees.

"Ytol! Ytol!" he cried, taking her head on his knee, and smoothing back the golden tresses, "are you hurt? Answer

IN THE FALL.

BY JOE JOT, JR.

The dear old year is in the wane,
The tempest is growing late;
Oh, hearts that love all others are vain,
How shivery standing at the gate!

The chill wind whistles from the north,
The frost has stripped the forests bare,
And flannel clothing we must wear.

White in the early morning lie
The frosted paths, souls that aspire,
With longing look for things more high—
Oh, how about that morning fire!

The sun declines toward the line,
And days grow short and grief grows long,
Our wreaths of faded flowers we twine—
And put on both stout and strong.

How tenderly blossoming leaves fall,
When leaves are bright and green!
But now those leaves are "neath our feet,
We've laid our winter parsnips in.

But how we miss the gentle flowers
That brightened the long summer noons!
The sad mind turns to future hours
And heavier coats and pantaloons.

The summer eves with moonlight gay,
What tender vows have they heard told,
To last forever and always—
But now the parlor's awful cold.

The old dead life of summertime!
For long remembrance doth it plead;
We weep and think its death a crime,
And wonder how much wood we'll need.

Alas! we will but stay,
Or even think the spot loves!
We sigh for all that's passed away,
And go to putting up new stoves.

But there are hearts that love us still,
And many a voice whose music stirs
Is left to us our hearts to thrill
With, "Husband, how about them furs!"

DICK DARLING,

The Pony Express-Rider.

A CALIFORNIA STORY.

BY LAUNCE POYNTZ.

IV.

The sun was high in the heavens over Fairfield's Ranch, and the air hot, sultry and dry, when a young girl came to the gate of the stockade that surrounded the house, and tripped down to the spring on the other side of the great live-oak tree near the gate.

She was a tall, magnificently-formed girl, with long black hair that fell nearly to her waist; and she carried the pitcher balanced on her head with all the upright grace of an Arab maiden.

She had been gone but a moment, when a second girl came to the gate, equally beautiful in face and form, but the brightest of blondes, as her sister Charlotte was the darkest of brunettes.

Sophy Fairfield opened the gate softly, and looked forth. Hardly had she done so, when she was startled by a rustling sound in the tree overhead; and looking up, gave a low scream of surprise and terror. The next moment, down out of the branches of the tree, where he had been hidden, dropped a tall Modoc warrior; and, not noticing Sophy at the gate, rushed to the other side of the tree, where Charlotte had gone to the spring.

It was the work of a second for quick-witted Sophy, used to frontier perils, to slam to and bar the gate, and to rush to the house for a weapon. She knew, none better, that it was useless for her to venture out and add one more to the victims of Indian barbarity. At such times selfishness is the only course for a woman, and not till Sophy was safe in the house did she feel that she might do something to save her sister from a terrible fate.

It was at the beginning of that sudden Modoc outbreak which startled and alarmed the whole country. As yet the settlers in the immediate vicinity of the scene of hostilities were slow to believe themselves in any danger. Sophy's father, old John Fairfield, had been Indian agent and trader so long that he had grown to think that no Indian would harm him. That very day he had ridden fearlessly away to Yreka, leaving his ranch unguarded, save by the two girls, as he had done hundreds of times before.

Sophy Fairfield knew that she had none but herself to depend upon, and she made her preparations with all the cool courage of a border girl. The house was secured against attack in a few minutes—it was a veritable frontier fortress, easily defended—then the brave girl took down her light rifle, girt herself with a belt containing two revolvers and ammunition, and ascended to the roof of the house to survey the neighborhood.

The summit of the little dwelling was surrounded with a small structure of heavy logs, meant on purpose for sheltering an observer, and the girl found no difficulty in surveying the whole of the horizon.

She had not far to look for her sister. The whole neighborhood of the ranch was deserted; and the presence of two or three cows, grazing outside the stockade as quietly as if nothing had happened, was conclusive proof that the Indians must have departed, as cattle are always uneasy in their vicinity. But a glance out on the prairie revealed the sought-for object.

A single horse, with a double burden, was moving rapidly off to the north-west in the direction of the Lava Beds, and Sophy recognized the figure of the Modoc warrior, while the muffled-up bundle on the horse's croup could be none other than her captured sister.

A strange thrill went through the girl's heart, as she gazed. Her thoughts may be best guessed by the murmured words that fell from her lips.

"She is gone—by no fault of mine—they can not blame me—I did not do it—but I loved Dick first, and now it will not be wrong to love him—poor Charlotte will be killed, and he will be free to love me—I know he would if she had not come between us—they can not expect me to follow her alone—and Dick Darling will be mine."

It was a terrible temptation to the poor girl. Dick Darling, the dashing Dick, darling of all the girls in the Far West, had won two hearts where he had thought to win but one; and had fallen as a brand of discord into the Fairfield family, making rivals of sisters, who, till then, had never held more than one common thought. Only the day before he had left them, to carry the miffs from Yreka to the Lava Beds, the now Sophy's rival was vanishing before her eyes, and no blame could attach to her.

The girl watched the retreating figures with dry, blazing eyes for some time, and then turned hurriedly away, murmuring:

"No, no, I can not look longer—I shall go mad."

She ran down-stairs to the little sitting-room, and threw herself on a chair, burying her face in her hands and sobbing. When she looked up, a sudden change came over her face, for the first thing that her eyes rested on was a staring portrait on the wall. It was but a daub, to cultivated eyes, but to hers, accustomed to it for years, it produced a shock, such as

the best efforts of a Titan could not have compassed. It was the picture of two little girls, with arms entwined, playing with some flowers, herself and sister, as they were once.

It acted on the girl like a stroke of lightning. She jumped up and ran wildly out to the stable, screaming:

"Lotty! Lotty! Dear little sister, I'll die to save you—for give me."

In a moment more, with trembling hands, she was taking down a saddle and hastily girding it on her own fleet Indian pony. Ere the Modoc ravisher was out of sight from the ranch, Sophy was mounted and on his trail.

The Indian who had carried off Lotty Fairfield was a tall, muscular fellow, richly dressed, but unarmed, save for a bowie-knife. He found the girl at the spring; seized her with a grasp of iron, and enveloped her in a blanket, ere she could utter more than a single shriek of terror; then dashed her to the earth with a force that half-stunned her; and in a moment had bound a rope firmly round the blanket, securing it so strongly that escape became an utter impossibility. The daring ravisher then lifted her up like a log, threw her over his shoulder, and strode away to the cottonwood thicket. Here he found a fine horse fastened to a tree, which he led out, laid the helpless bundle over the croup of the animal, mounted himself, and then fastened the girl to his waist with a long belt.

That done, he started off at a round trot, heading straight for the Lava Beds, and for some time rode on without uttering a word. About six miles from the ranch appeared a grove of live-oak, the central one of all being as gigantic as the one that sheltered the ranch gate. To this grove the Modoc directed his course, quietly dismounted there, and fastened his horse to a tree, then laid his captive on the ground, and spoke for the first time.

"Ha, Missy Lotty, you t'ink Shasta Jim big fool, but he no fool. Me Modoc brave, and me want pretty white squaw—by gosh me have him now. Come, give Shasta a kiss, poopy Missy Charlotte."

As the scoundrel spoke, he drew the keen bowie-knife and cut a slit in the blanket, which he threw open, disclosing the face of poor

Lotty, who had been securely encased in it.

The night air is chill," murmured the lieutenant, drawing his cloak still tighter around him.

"Patience, good Gulio," exhorted Ordeloff, casting a piercing glance down into the dark street near to the wall. "I trust that we shall not have long to wait."

"And what wait we for?" questioned the lieutenant.

"Gulio, you are devoted to my fortunes, I think," the captain said, abruptly.

"To the death!" responded the young lieutenant.

Fast the lieutenant ran, while the leader of the Black Bands couched in ambush and laughed in glee when he thought how soon he would be the lord of Faenza.

A short half-hour and the lieutenant with a dozen trusty blades came, and glided like so many dark shadows up the street.

Scarcely had they securely encircled themselves in ambush, when the young soldier came from the inn, wrapping his cloak around him and gaily humming the light air of a love sonnet. As he passed down the street, never noticing the men in ambush, Ordeloff whispered, hurriedly, to Gulio:

"Quick after him! arrest and bring him to

the palace! Enter by the side portal. All of

my fortunes," Ordeloff said, slowly. "Thou knowest that our lady Francesca remains a widow and has declined the proffered suit of a hundred noble gentlemen. She is a self-willed dame and brooks not question. If report be true, her husband, Galeotto Manfredi, died from poison administered by the hand of his wife, simply because he dared to look with loving eyes upon a faire face than her own."

"So I have heard."

"It is the truth, believe me; and now, Gulio, read me this riddle: why does the Lady Faenza refuse a husband?"

"I can not; it is beyond my skill."

"Thou knowest Lorenzo da Cieri, the young soldier of fortune, captain of the body-guard of our good lady?"

The lieutenant nodded in the affirmative.

"He's a handsome fellow, tall and straight, eyes like a woman, and hair like a poet. Our Lady of Faenza fancies this young gallant, and she has her way, will make him lord of this good town and of her own fair person; but like brave Galeotto, who drank the poisoned wine, filled for him by the soft hand of his wife, this soldier has seen a fairer face than that of his sovereign mistress. And this is why we now watch upon the rampart. The soldier lodges yonder. To-night he will seek his love, and we will follow close as dog at heel. When he enters the house, we will bide our time without. When he departs, he is to be arrested and conveyed straight to the palace."

"Saved! It is Sophy!" she murmured, and fell back, as Shasta Jim sprang to his feet, looking uneasy. The Indian, as we have seen, was unarmed except for his knife. But Shasta was too old a warrior to run from a girl, at whatever disadvantage of arms. He waited silently by his captive, whom he held up with one arm as a shield from the expected shot, and kept his knife behind him, ready for action.

Sophy Fairfield galloped up to the savage, rifle in hand, and then wheeled away, as if disappointed. Like a tiger Shasta sprung after and caught her by the flowing skirt. She screamed and dropped her rifle, and Shasta let go the skirt to pounce on the weapon.

It proved to be only a ruse of Sophy's. Even as he stooped for the rifle the girl fired her pistol into his back, grazing him, and Shasta Jim, waiting for no second shot, dropped the stolen weapon and fled.

A moment later the sisters were in each other's arms, Sophy murmuring:

"Forgive me, Lotty darling, I'll never be jealous again. Be happy with Dick."

(To be continued—commenced in No. 190.)

A BABY lately had the misfortune to swallow the contents of an ink bottle. Its mother immediately administered a box of pens and a sheet of paper, and the child has felt write since.

Strange Stories.

THE LADY OF FAENZA.

An Italian Legend of the Fifteenth Century.

BY AGILE PENNE.

exchange for which she makes me lord of this good town."

"Da Cieri is rash to trifle with such a tigress."

"Yes, the woman who did not hesitate to

punish the unfaithful husband, despite his powerful kindred, would not be apt to pause when only the life of a simple soldier was in question."

"And you, Ordeloff, do you not fear to wed

this demon of a woman?"

"Ba!" cried the leader of the Black Bands,

caressing his bearded chin, "even a tigress can

be tamed. For the sake of the town I take the

woman, and, if we quarrel, no bite of sup will I

taste that she has had the handling of. But

husky 'yonder he comes."

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